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Issue

FRANCE

ADULTS ONLY

MANHOOD

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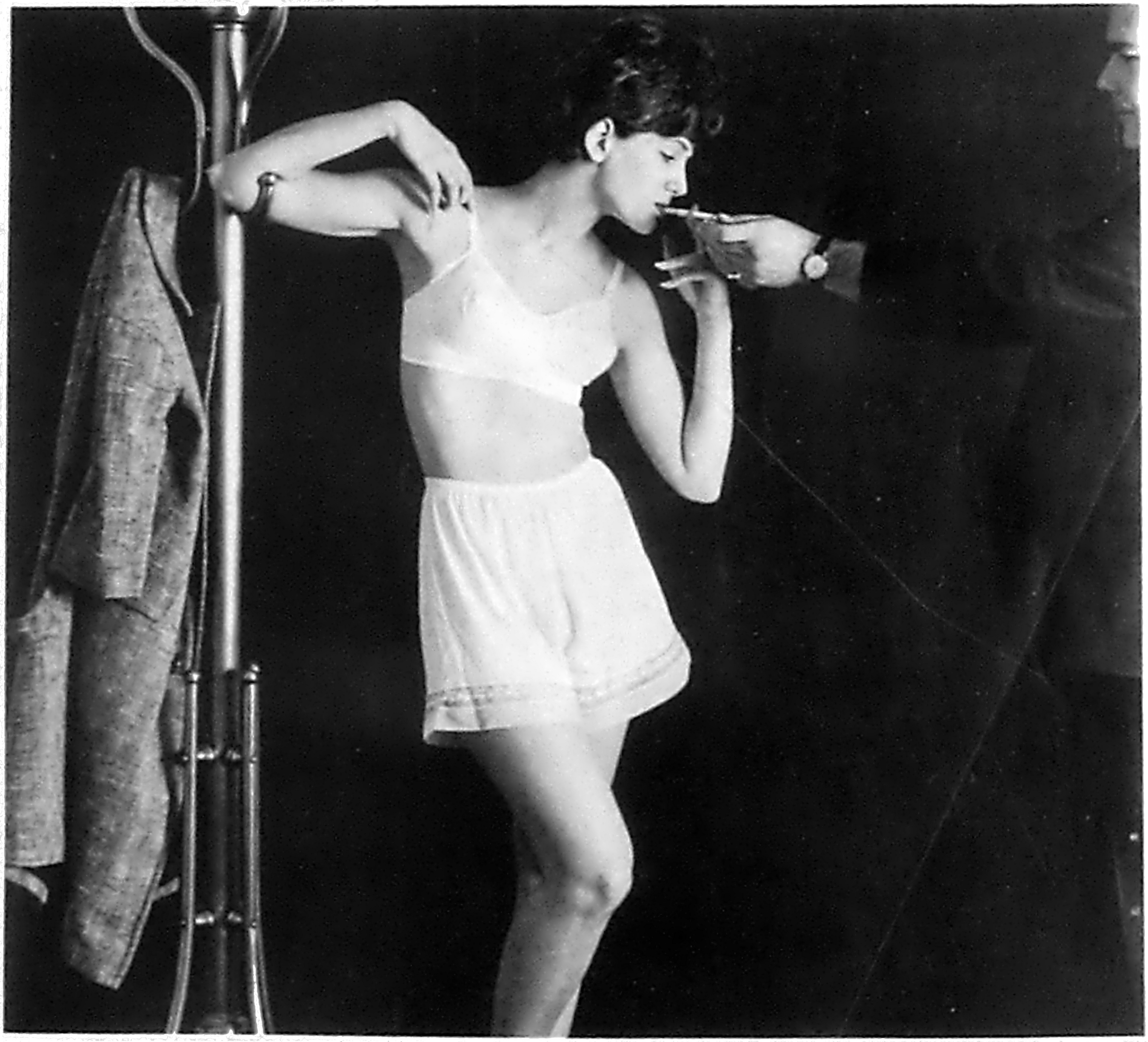

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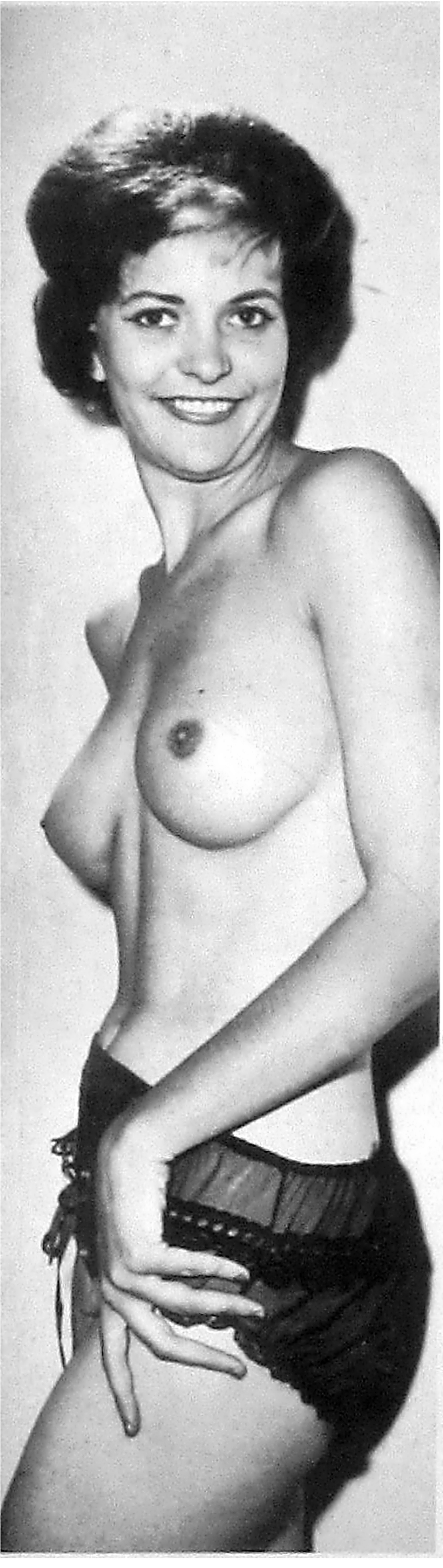
GIRLS in *PRISON*

"Investigators have discovered that shocking brutalities have been committed. Girls have been shut up in solitary confinement for minor infractions of rules and fed on bread and water for weeks on end. Brutal and sadistic guards have often beaten girls into unconsciousness, or punished them severely merely to appease their own desire to make others suffer. The prisons themselves are breeding grounds for lesbians and other girls who prey off the weaker ones. Conditions are deplorable. The cells and facilities are overcrowded and medical care is of the lowest quality."

Is that a description of an ancient debtors' prison? A concentration camp? A jail in some backward country? No. That article appeared in a newspaper right here in the United States! It's the description of one of the largest prisons for girls in America! And every word is true!

What causes these conditions? A prison official can answer that question. Because she wouldn't permit us to use her real name, we'll call her Mrs. Smith.

"I know what goes on in here, but there's nothing I can do about it. We have 349 girls here. Some of them are serving time for little more than playing truant from school. Others are here for prostitution, dope, and various other offenses. We don't have enough room for them all, but the state can't afford to build another prison. So no matter what the offense, the girls are all thrown in together. Some of these girls are nymphomaniacs and need mental help intsead of confinement. They need sex, and it doesn't matter from whom. The sad part is, they inflict their perverted desires on the



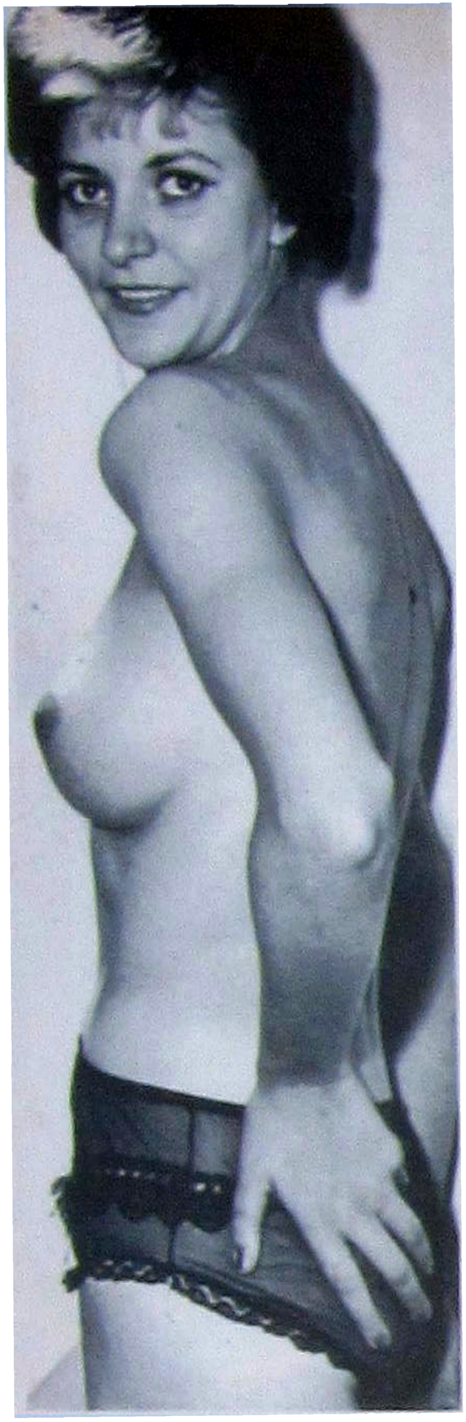
other girls, and in some cases, it ruins lives that otherwise could have been saved. When I request more state funds, the answer is no. We can't afford to hire competent help for the wages we pay, and the help we get are those who are unsuited for any other kind of job. The law of the jungle prevails here, and it's either kill or be killed. I'm only one person, and I can't do much to change things. I used to try, at least. But it doesn't do any good. So I gave up trying."

It's hard for anyone to imagine what these prisons are like. Most of them are as dark and dank as medieval dungeons. The newer ones, the honor farms and similar prisons, are models of what girls' prison should be, but these are few and far between. In most cases, state officials know that their jails are outdated, but they too have their hands tied.

"There's always so many other things that need money . . . schools, highways, etc., said one city councilman. "People just don't realize what goes on until some newspaper or magazine starts a campaign. But people forget easily, and as soon as the headlines stop, so does their sympathy. The cost of one political campaign would more than pay for prison improvements, but no one ever thinks of things like that."

The worst thing of all is that far from having a reforming effect, these prisons do exactly the opposite. For example, take the case of Betty J. It can best be told in her own words.

"I guess I started off on the wrong



All Photos Posed By Professional Models

foot right from the beginning. My mom didn't want me, she was too busy taking care of my old man. He couldn't hold a job, and he was the laziest bum I ever met. All my mother wanted was for me to keep out of her way, so, naturally, I started hanging around on the streets. By the time I was 15, I had a reputation you wouldn't believe! Finally, I tried to settle down, but it was too late. Even though I started to pay attention in school, no one would let me forget my past. I worked hard to win a scholarship so I could get away, but because of my past grades no one would even take me seriously. One night I just gave up and ran away. The cops picked me up before I'd been gone a week, and I was taken to juvenile hall. They kept me there two weeks

until my trial. Because of my past, the judge sentenced me to a girls' training school until I was 18.

"Now, I want one thing understood! I had a rep because in a small town it's easy to get one. But I was no swinger. I'd slept with two guys, one because I loved him, and the other practically raped me. But as far as big city sin goes, I was still green. Sure, I drank occasionally and swore and smoked, but most of my trouble came from playing hooky and flirting. I had been drunk once in my entire life, and then it was New Year's eve. By big city standards, I was a normal kid.

"The way the matron described the training school to me, it sounded like heaven. She said that I'd learn a useful trade, and that there were rooms for each of the girls. I was even stupid enough to take a carton of cigarettes and some movie magazines along! Yeah, one big pleasure cruise! That's what I thought then!

"We drove up to the prison in an unmarked police car. A matron sat on each side of me to make sure I couldn't escape. Not that I wanted to. Believe it or not, I was looking forward to the 'training school!'

"We drove through the gates in a high cement wall. I looked around, it didn't seem too bad, nice green grass out in front, and the prison building itself was not the dark grey I'd expected, but a light yellow. But once we got inside, my illusions ended. Everything, including the matrons, was as cold as ice. The walls were dingy and the ceiling had big water stains on it. I was taken to a small examination room where I was told to strip. I waited for maybe an hour, then I started to get dressed again. The doctor came in just as I was pulling my pants on. It was a woman doctor, and she took one look at me and walked out. Immediately after she closed the door one of the matrons walked in.

"'I told you to strip, and that's what I meant!' she growled. Then she slapped me. I started to get angry, but I didn't say anything. I did what I was told. Then the doctor came in. She took my blood pressure and listened to my heart; then she ordered me to get up on the table for a pelvic examination. I wondered what they needed a pelvic for, but didn't think anything of it. The doctor told me that girls would hide dope and she had to check for it. It seemed to me that she did a lot more checking than was necessary! Then she felt my breasts to 'find out if there were any lumps,' she said. By that time it began to dawn on me that something was kind of fishy, and I moved toward my clothes. The doctor watched me put them on, then she smiled grimly.

"'You'll learn how to get along in this place soon!' she promised.

"I was led to a quarantine cell where I was to be kept for 18 days until I was checked for communicable diseases. It wasn't too bad, almost like being in a hospital. At the end of the 18 days I was given a shapeless prison dress and led to my "room." Ha! There were only 50 rooms in the place, and there were over two hundred girls. Only the 'honor' girls got the rooms, two to each room. And the 'honor' girls were the ones who had been here the longest and had grabbed the rooms by force.

"The other girls were just getting up when I got into my bed. I didn't even have time to put my things away. A fat girl with lots of pimples was in the next bed, and I smiled at her. She didn't smile back.

"'What's your name and what're ya in for?' she asked me.

"'Well, I guess you could say I'm in for being an all around delinquent. My name's Betty.'

"She didn't answer, but turned to the girl on the other side of her bed.

"'Guess what! We got a real delinquent in here!' She turned back to me. 'Tell me, your name happen to be Betty Green by any chance?'

"I shook my head, while the other girls laughed. Then the meaning of their little joke came to me. I bent down to put my shoes back on, and when I looked up, all the girls were gathered around my bed.

"'She looks kind of puny to me,' said one.

"'Think you'll be able to take it easy here?' offered another.

"'I don't think so,' answered Pimples. Then she bent down and pulled my hair. I was saved by a matron appearing at the door and announcing it was time for shower.

"In the shower the girls pushed and kicked me. I was really starting to get worried when one small colored girl pulled me aside and told me that they gave this treatment to all new girls. girls

"'If one of them wants to fight you, don't chicken out,' she told me. 'Fight just as dirty and hard as you can, and even if you don't win, if you make a good impression on the girls you won't have to worry.'

"I was plenty worried, though, because I never was much of a fighter. I prayed that I wouldn't have to get involved in anything, but my prayers weren't answered. That night when I started to turn in, the fat girl was sitting on my bed. I told her that I wanted to go to sleep and asked her to get back on her own bed.

"'Make me!' she laughed.

"I didn't say anything but went over and lay down on her bed. She jumped up like a flash and grabbed my arm.

"'Hey, what's the big idea!'

"As calmly as I could I answered, 'You were on my bed, and I'm tired. You can't sleep on both beds, so get on yours if you don't want me to have it.'

"At that, she grabbed my hair and the fight was on! The other girls all gathered around to watch but I wasn't interested in the kind of impression I was making just then. The fat girl, whose name was Lola, had me in a

hammerlock on the floor. I kicked her as hard as I could and she let go. Then I punched her in the stomach. She grabbed for my breasts but I dodged and knocked her down. She got up immediately and grabbed my hair again and I clawed her face. It nearly blinded her and when she put her hands up to her face to protect it, I slugged her as hard as I could. She reached for my shoulder and caught my dress, ripping it all the way to the waist. I gave her a rabbit punch on the arm and she tore my bra from me. I felt better with my breasts unhindered by the tight bra, but it was the only one I had and the fact that she had ripped it made me see red. I grabbed her hair and threw her down on the floor and sat on top of her, punching her face. The other girls finally pulled me off her, but not until I'd given her a bloody nose and messed her up pretty good.

"After that the girls accepted me in a way. But I started off on the wrong foot with the matrons. The next day when I went in to breakfast, I dropped my tray. One of the matrons slipped on the spilled food and fell, and I couldn't help laughing. After that they were all down on me. I got solitary more times than anyone else, and most of the time it was because of some trumped up excuse.

"I never needed sex too much but it wasn't that way with the other girls. Most of them were used to having a man every night. Of course there were no men in prison so they turned to the only substitute . . . girls. In the dorm every night you could hear the whispers and see the forms under the blankets, but you didn't dare say anything for fear of being 'revenged' by the other girls. One girl who had told was found the next day tied to her bed, a complete mess. After that no one said a word about anything the older girls did.

"I never thought they would bother me, but I wak wrong. A big girl named Fanny took a liking to me and started following me and pressing against me in the halls. At first I didn't say anything but finally it became pretty obvious what she was thinking. One day I mentioned it to her and asked her to leave me alone. She grabbed my arm and said in a rough whisper, 'Listen, don't pull that innocent bit with me. It won't get you

anywhere! And if you think you can stay here and not cooperate, you're very much mistaken! You'd better start wising up if you expect to stay in good health very long.'

"I just gave her a look of disgust and walked away. But that night she tried to pull the covers off me as I lay in bed. I pulled them up and told her to go away.

"'Okay, if that's the way you want it,' she said, 'but I think you'll change your mind pretty quickly.' She smiled and went back to bed.

"The next night no one bothered me and I relaxed. Along about midnight I had to go to the john and for some reason that was the only night I can remember that a matron wasn't in the john. They would put one there each

night so that we couldn't do anything wrong, and the dorm was pretty well guarded. But no one was around that night. I had no sooner gotten inside when someone grabbed me from behind. I never even got to see who it was. They threw me to the floor and I guess all of them took turns hitting me. When they finally let me alone I had decided to 'cooperate.'

"You learn a lot in prison. I learned that I didn't have to go back to being a small town nobody. I learned a trade in prison. Of course, it was the girls who taught it to me. In fact they were the ones who set up the contacts. So, when I got out I never even went home, just took off for New York. It didn't matter about breaking parole. I knew they would never find me.

"So, what did I learn in three years of prison? Well, I learned how to be the best prostitute in the business. I learned that girls are much nicer than men. I learned all the rotten things that make people tick, and I know how to use that rottenness for my own good now.

"Yeah, I learned a lot in prison. Everyone does. But it wasn't anything that the judge would appreciate my having learned. But then he doesn't know that every girl who goes in comes out twice as bad as she was when she went in. No one knows – or cares. And that's where the whole problem lies. No one cares."

Betty changed drastically from the fairly naive girl who went into girls' training school to the hardened tramp that came out. What can we do to prevent anyone else from being ruined the same way she was?

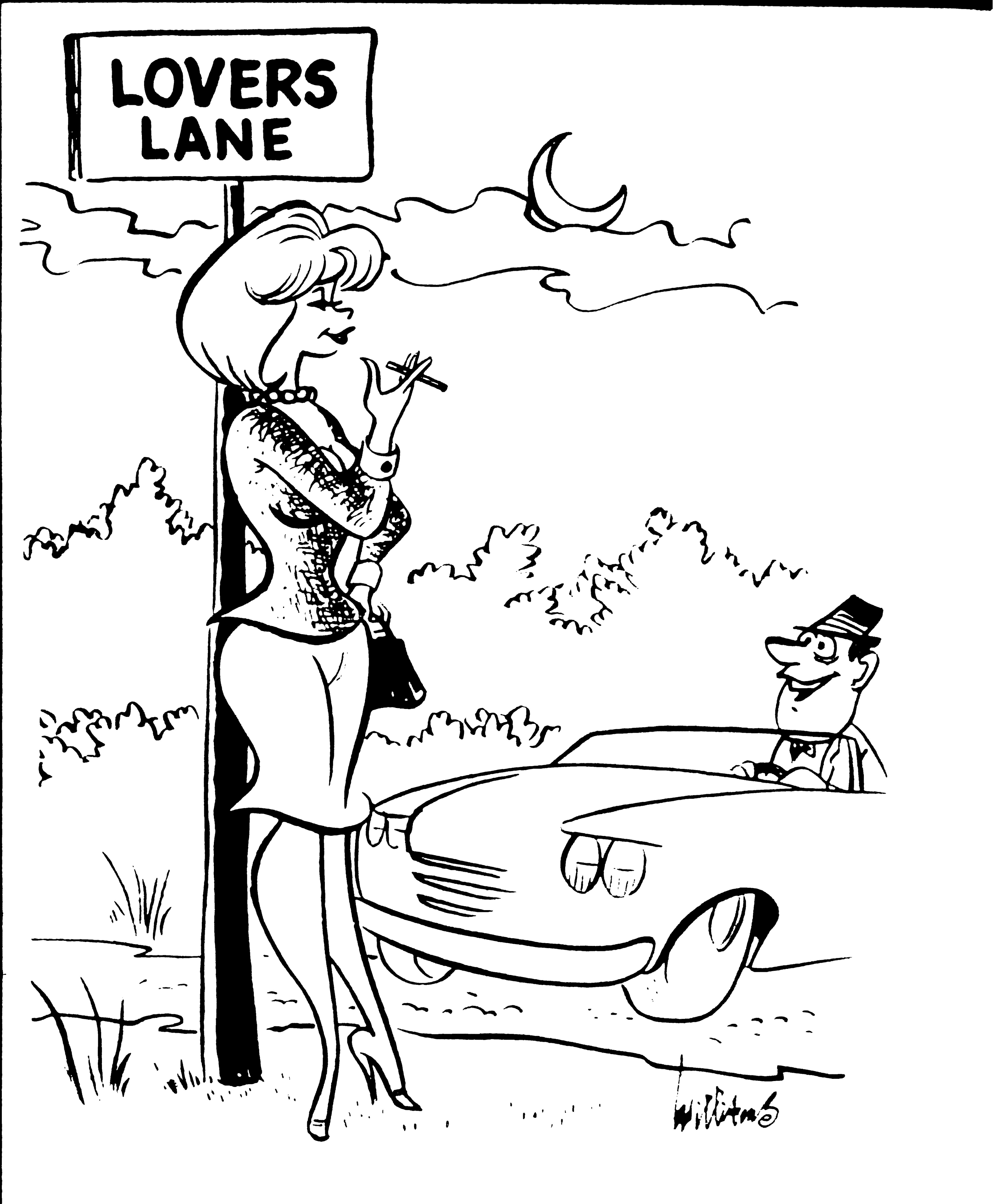
1. We can devote more money to bringing our girls' prisons up to date.

2. We can make sure that the fairly innocent girls like Betty are not thrown in with hardened criminals.

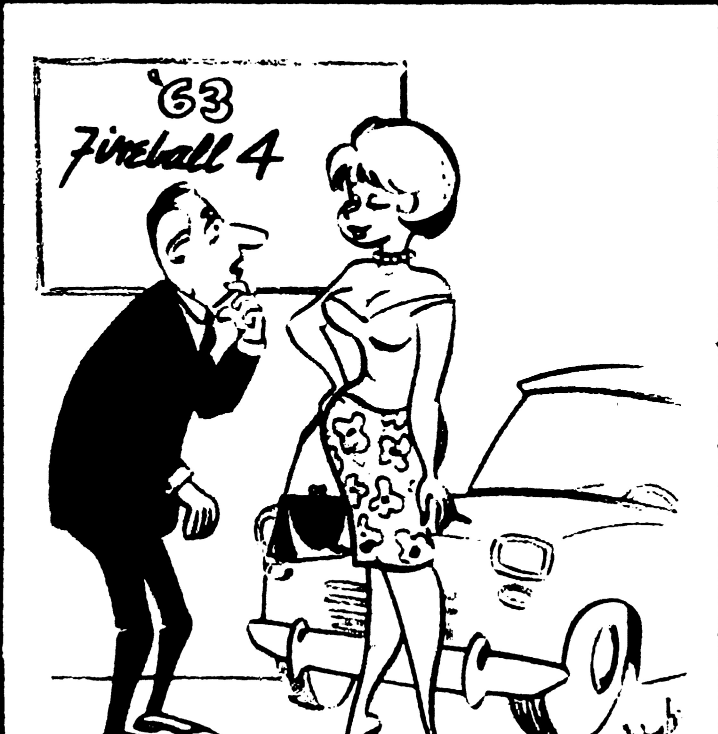
3. We can take a little of our time to care about these girls.

If we can do all those things, Betty and the girls like her have a much better chance of success in their future life. If we don't, there won't be any change at all. And instead of making some man happy, girls like Betty will turn bitter and think only of the money they can get from men.

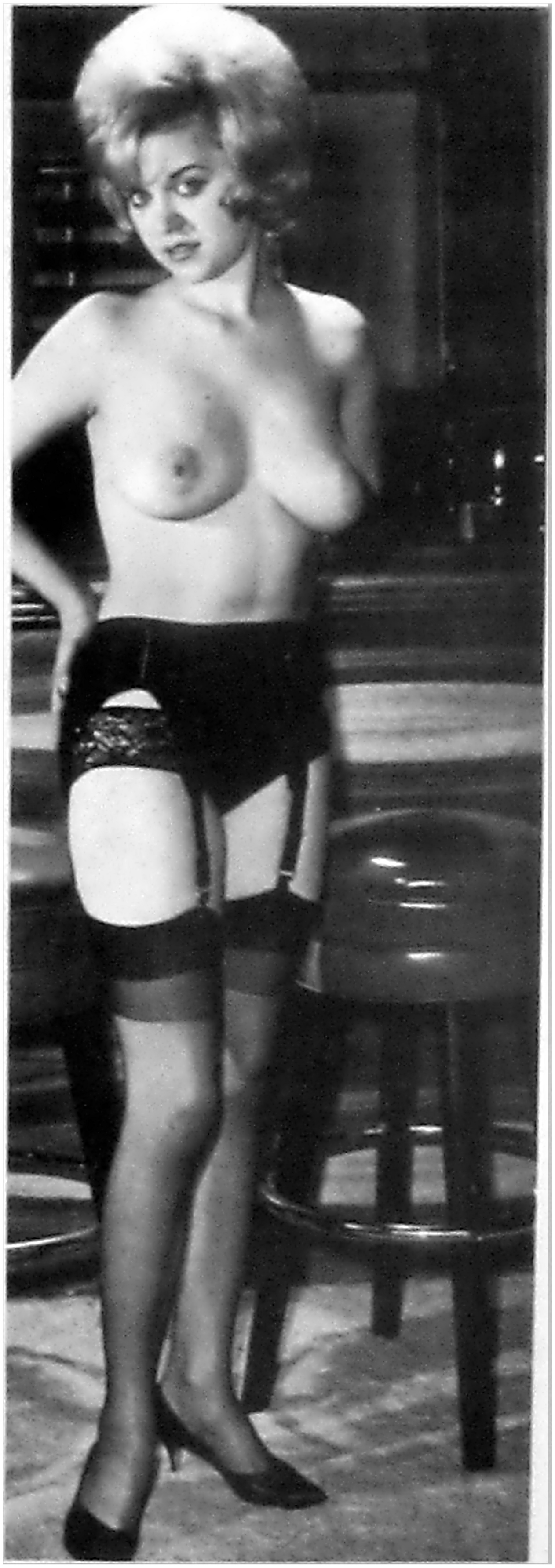
The only person who can help is – you!


LOVERS
LANE

"Whaddya mean, are THEY filter tipped?"



"Gee, I don't know LADY, we've never been offered THAT kind of a DOWN PAYMENT before?"



Almost as old as man is the practice of employing various love potions, foods, beverages, and charms for insuring success in love. Among the European tribes of gypsies, for example, superstition – and many resulting ceremonies and charms – played a most important role in the lives of these wanderers.

A Hungarian method of promoting pregnancy recommends that a woman eat grass from a grave in which a woman with child has been buried. The woman can also drink water that has contained hot coals cast by the husband. The husband may also take an egg, punch a small hole at each end and then blow the yolk and the white into the mouth of his wife, who dutifully swallows them.

If a gypsy woman wants to know if she has conceived, she stands for nine evenings at a crossroad with a hammer or an axe which she has wet with her own water. She then buries the implement until "the ninth morning after." When dug up, if it has rusted it is supposedly a sign that the lady is pregnant. Or the curious gypsy woman may take an egg, break it and pour the contents into a jug and then make water on it. If the egg floats the following morning, the lady is *enceinte;* if the yolk is separate from the white, the lady may expect a son; if the yolk and white are mingled, she can anticipate a daughter.

If a woman eats fish during her pregnancy her offspring will be slow in learning to talk; if she eats snails, the child will be slow to walk.

To bring about the menses, a gypsy woman, while roses are in bloom, must wash her body with rose-water and when she has completed this task, pour the water over a rose bush. Certain gypsies believed that if the shadow of a grave's cross fell on a pregnant woman she would suffer a miscarriage. This was especially so in the case of a girl who had enjoyed the pleasures of the sexual congress before marriage.

"Cross upon a grave so small
Here I see thy shadow fall.
If it fall on me they say
All my shame will pass away.
As the autumn leaf is blown,
By the wind to die alone,
Yet in shame and misery,
My baby will be dear to me!"

"Willow twigs grown into a knot" were much valued in gypsy love charms. To win the love of a young lady, a man cuts a willow-knot, puts it in his mouth and then says:

"I eat thy luck,
I drink thy luck,
Give me that luck of thine,
Then thou shalt be mine."

The anxious lover then must secrete the willow-knot in the bed of his beloved. A popular charm, much used in love, supposedly "belongs to ancient black witchcraft." While two dogs are coupling, the lover covers them with a cloth. Later, one of the animals is presented to his intended and the lover says:

"I the dog, she the bitch,
I the helve, she the axe,
I the cock, she the hen,
That, I desire."

The lover who obtains a shoe that has been worn by his bride-to-be "may make sad havoc with her heart" if he carries it near his own. He was also advised to hang the shoe over his bed at night and sprinkle rue – an herb – into it. Gypsy girls of Transylvania believed that ceremonies that would reveal the identity of future husbands were best conducted on the eves of holidays such as New Year's, Easter, Saint George's. On the designated eve, each girl was allowed to throw her shoes or boots at a willow tree. If the footwear caught in the branches, the girl would be wedded and bedded before another year had passed. On the

Hath Charms, etc.

same evening, the various curious young ladies would gather under a tree and shake it by turns while hopefully singing:

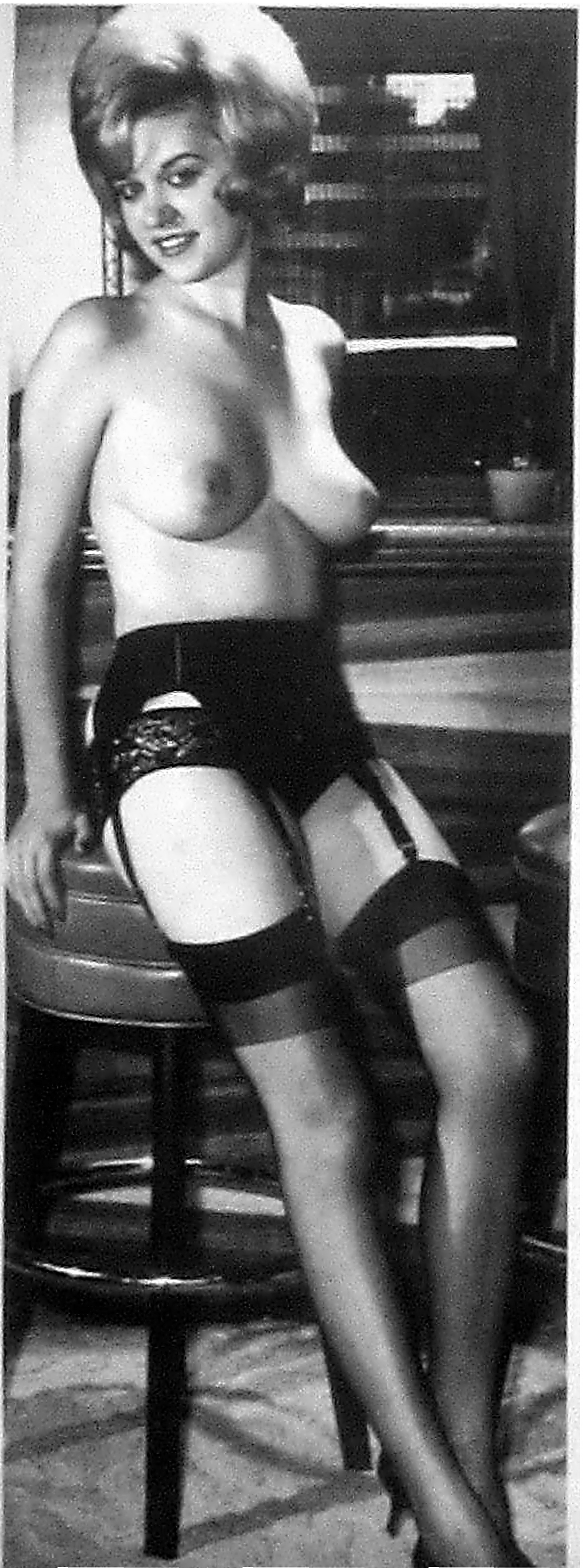
"Scattered leaves around I see,
Where can my true lover be?
Ah, the white dog barks at last!
And my love comes running fast!"

If, by some remarkable coincidence the barking of a dog could be heard during the impromptu performance of a girl, she would be wed "ere New Year comes again." Another and related ceremony also involves a dog: "On the night of Saint George's Day, gypsy girls blindfold a white dog, then, letting it loose, place themselves quietly in several places. She to whom the dog runs first will be the first married. Blindman's buff was anciently an amorous, semi-magical, or witches' game, only that in place of the dog a man was blindfolded."

The Gypsy-Lore Journal, that inestimable publication, supplied the charming and the curious with directions for catching a glimpse of a future mate or securing the affections of an unsuspecting gypsy swain. "Early on Whitsunday morning," confides the *Journal*, "the girls go out, and if they see clouds in the East, they throw twigs in that direction, saying:

'Fly my bird – fly, I say,
Do not chase my love away.'

For they think that if on Whitsun-morn there are many clouds in the East, few girls will be married during the coming year. This peculiar, seemingly in-



comprehensible custom of the gypsies originated in an old belief, the germ of which we find in the Hindu myth according to which the spring morning which spreads brightness and blessings descends from the blue bird of heaven, who, on the other hand also represents night or winter. Special preparations are made so that the predictions shall be fulfilled. On the days mentioned, the girls are neither allowed to wash themselves, nor to kiss anyone, nor go to church. At Easter or on the Eve of Saint George, the girl must eat fish in order to see the future in her dreams. On Easter morning, the girls boil water in the bubbles of which they try to make out the names of their future husbands. To find out whether the future husband is young or old, the girl must take nine seeds of the thorn-apple, ploughed-up earth of nine different places, and water from as many more. With these she kneads a cake which is laid on a crossroad on Easter or Saint George's morning. If a woman steps first on the cake, her husband will be a widower or an old man, but if a man (steps first on the cake), the husband will be single or young. To see the form of a future husband, a girl must go on the night of Saint George to a crossroad. Her hair is combed backwards, and, pricking the little finger of the left hand, she must let three drops of blood fall on the ground while saying:

'I give my blood to my loved one,
Whom I shall see shall be mine own!'

Then the form of her future husband will rise slowly out of the blood and fade as slowly away. She must then gather up the dust, or mud-blood, and throw it into a river, otherwise the Nivashi, or Water-spirits will lick up the blood and the girl (will) be drowned within the year. If a girl wishes to see the form of her future husband, and also to know what luck awaits her love, she goes on any of the fore-named nights to cross-roads and sits down on the ground, putting before her a fried fish and a glass of brandy. Then the form of her future husband will appear and stand before her for a time, silent and immovable. Should he then take the fish, the marriage will be happy, but if he begin with the brandy, it will be truly wretched. But if he takes neither, one of the two will die during the year.

That the laying of cards, the interpretation of dreams, the reading of the future in the hand, and similar divinations are constantly practiced is quite natural, but it would lead us too far to enlarge on all these practices. But there are charms to win or cause love which are more interesting. Among these are the love-potions or philtres, for preparing which gypsies have always been famed . . . The simplest and least hurtful beverage which they give unknown to persons to secure love is made as follows: On any of the nights mentioned, they collect in the meadows gander-goose, the yellow roots of which they dry and crush and mix with their menses, and this they introduce to the food of the person whose love they wish to secure."

A charm of some potency is compounded secretly. "On the day of Saint John they catch a green frog and

put it in a closed earthen receptacle full of small holes, and this they place in an ant-hill. The ants eat the frog and leave the skeleton. This ground to a powder, mixed with the blood of a bat and dried bath-flies and shaped into small buns, which are, as the chance occurs, put secretly into the food of the person to be charmed."

Another charm, due to its indelicate nature, is quoted in the original Latin by one Dr. Wlislocki: "Qualibet supradictarum noctium occiduntur duo canes nigri, mas et femina, quorum genitalia exstirpata ad condensationem coquuntur. Hujus materiae particula

consumpta quemvis invincibili amore facit exardescare in eam eamve, qui hoc medio prodigioso usus est."

"To the less revolting philtres belongs one in which the girl puts the ashes of a burnt piece of her dress which has been wet with perspiration and has, perhaps, hair adhering to it, into a man's food or drink. To bury the foot of a badger or the eye of a crow under one's sleeping-place is believed to excite or awaken love.

According to gypsy belief, one can spread love by transplanting blood, perspiration, or hair into the body of a person." ●

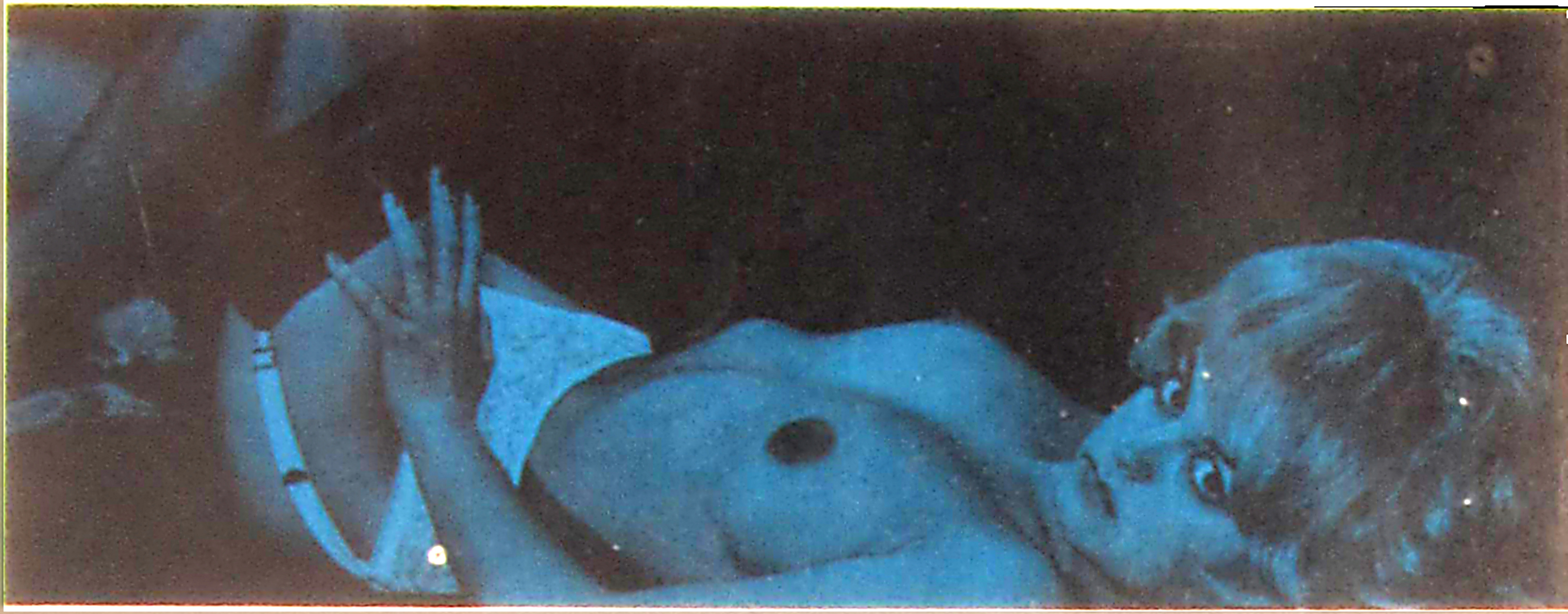
THAT was the LIFE

I had been in love with Esther since high school. When we graduated we exchanged class rings, kissed and vowed matrimony as soon as I got a decent job. In the meantime, Esther went off to a girl's college to polish up on her social graces. Sap that I was, I read her passionate, devoted letters dripping sweat in the hot sun as I munched a dry sandwich on the job. I operated a bulldozer, not a very glamorous accupation, but one that paid well. I was salting every cent away in the bank, piling up a nest egg for Esther and myself. I guess that's what finally pulled the cork on our romance. The job, I mean. Esther took on a lot of fancy airs at school and the first thing I knew I began receiving letters with little digs in them. She said she didn't like the idea of my being an ordinary laborer. Finally she said she couldn't stand the shame of it and that she had decided to call the whole thing off. The next thing I knew, she was married to some simpering society guy with a pedigree two miles long.

Oh, it was all OK for a year or so. The local newspaper was full of reports about their honeymooning in Italy, on the Riviera – you name it. Wherever the international set crawled, they were there. Well, finally they came back home, set up in a big house with a view and settled down to a hard life of cocktails, clubs and social climbing.

I didn't see Esther for some time after this, but one day as I was tooling my bulldozer through some cruddy houses condemned for a freeway, I heard a honking down on the road.

She was there, shimmering in fresh, fragrant beauty, waving to me from her white Cadillac convertible. I was stripped to the waist, dirty dungarees over my hips and tanned as a black



bowling ball. I climbed down from my bulldozer and slowly sauntered over to this two-timing female, my heart still pounding with the old hurt. I knew that I still loved her, but I wanted to hurt her too.

"Hi ya, handsome," she said, as cool as you please, as if nothing had ever happened between us. I was going to play it cool too.

"Hi ya, babe," I cracked like Marlo Brando on the waterfront.

"Miss me?" I could have slugged her. Instead, I smiled, took a hitch in my belt and kicked her tires.

"You're riding on pretty wheels," I said. "Lot different than that bulldozer over there."

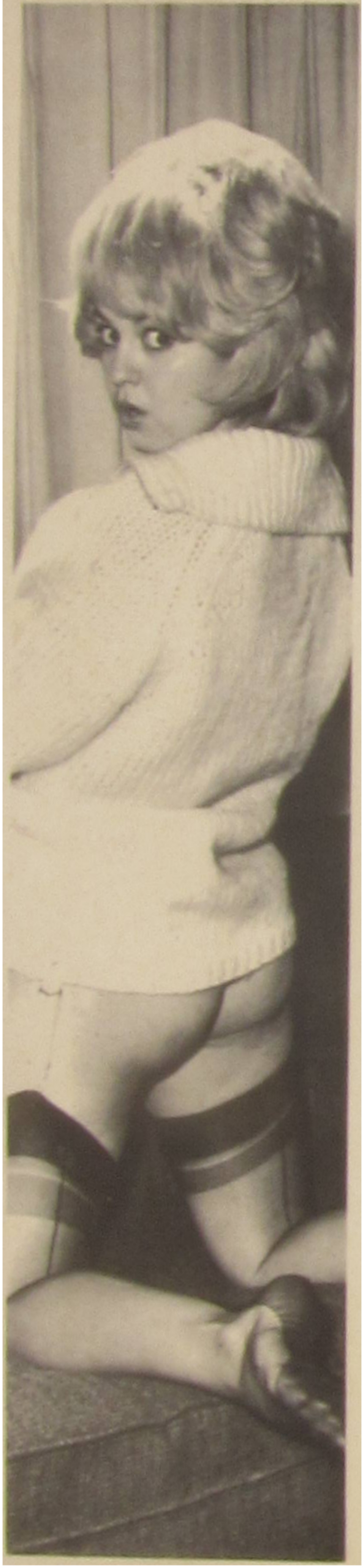
"Know something?" she replied with a flick of her cigarette. "I like the bulldozer better."

"You're putting me on," I said, managing a hollow laugh.

"No kiddin'. I like what you have better." She gave me a long, sophisticated look – like the kind she must have learned running around on the Riviera. It was full of that double meaning stuff. For a brief second I was mad as hell at what that lousy world had done to this sweet kid, but then I said to hell with it. She's a woman now. And you take women the way you find them. I was never one to stand on ceremony so I came right out with it.

"I like what you have, too," I said looking her straight in the eyes the way we used to do when we were both in high school.

"Oh, Jimmy," she gushed, "I love you. I al-



ways loved you. I must see you."

"You're married. What would your old man say?"

She laughed bitterly. "What does it matter? He's boozed up all the time. When he isn't, he's got some starlet with a bustline as big as Jayne Mansfield's."

"And you?"

She sighed bitterly. "I'm a fool," she said. "I've been faithful. Even if I wanted to be otherwise, I couldn't. He's got private eyes watching me all the time. You see that Chevvy parked back up there on the incline? It's got one of his paid peepers in it. They've got glasses on me and you right now. No, don't look. That would give us away. I have a plan, though. Will you help me?"

I searched her face to make sure she was for real. The twitching lips, the eager look made me sure.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Call at my place tomorrow morning. Come carrying a tool case, or something. I'll say you are a plumber. Then, when you're inside, I'll take it from there."

Well, the next day was Saturday, so it wasn't going to hurt my paycheck. I was there all right, with that phony bag of tools. The maid answered the door and let me right in. Esther had briefed her, told her a plumber was coming to fix her bathroom.

I walked into her bedroom and there was Esther lying on the bed, crying.

"Jim," she said, "I'm bad."

"No, you aren't honey," I said awkwardly, putting down the tool case, running my eyes over her lovely figure, her soft gold hair, freshly combed. She was wearing a filmy chiffon night thing that was pretty sheer. She had dark silk stockings on her sexy legs. I couldn't resist her. The pent up passion of over a year, the volcanic desire of suppression erupted, and I lunged toward her like the bulldozer I drove every day. My strong hands and arms sought and clutched every treasure of the coveted body, the dizzying desires built through months of jealousy and frustration swept aside any trifling considerations of caution or prudence.

I burried my mouth in the sweet fold of her neck above the breasts. I caressed her baby soft locks and savored the fragrance of her supple body. She fought me, struggling and moaning, muttering something about it not being right, that it was bad, but the demonstration merely excited my ardor.

"I've waited a long time, baby," I whispered, my tongue thick with lust and weary from its active role in our love play. She leaped from the bed and raced over to the window, clutching the drapes, regarding me with wide-eyed fright lighted by inner fire and fear of her own emotions. She was gasping for breath, trying desperately to regain control of herself.

"Jimmy," she managed to choke out, "don't please don't."

I laughed. "It's my turn to laugh now," I goaded, confident that I would seduce her utterly, confident that she would need me. I unbuttoned my shirt, slowly, deliberately advancing toward her.

"If you come one step closer," she threatened, "I'll scream. One sound from me, and see those gardeners down there? They'll be here in an instant. They'll put you in prison for life. You know what the penalty for rape is?"

"You're not going to scream," I said. "You wanted me here. Well, I'm here. And I'm coming at you just like a bulldozer. You know, the bulldozer that wasn't hoity-toity enough for you!"

"Oh, please, Jimmy, don't—not here, not in my house."

"It should have been our house," I said angrily. She whimpered again and I was upon her, kissing her quivering body, defining at last the tumultuous, generous curves of her breasts which had grown since our high school days.

"What a woman you have become," I said savagely, lifting her bodily and carrying her to the bed. She was absolutely limp, all fight, all resistance drained, now only the soft, glad crazy sounds of surrender escaping from her parted lips—her delicious opened mouth.

I am not a man of poetic words but let me say that the minutes that followed were like the dream I had of power and joys unlimited—like I was tooling my bulldozer 100-miles-an-hour right through Beverly Hills, knocking all those posh and plush cafes and swank shops into limbo, finally coming to blissful repose on a mountain of scented lingerie from Saks. Well, it was a helluva wait for Esther, but finally I had her. I indulged every minute of it, cruelly, unforgivingly, taking my revenge to the hilt. When I had enjoyed the triumph enough, I smoked a cigarette and coolly watched the gardeners go about their stupid task of trimming shrubbery into designs that made the bushes look like French poodles. Esther lay on the bed, her head buried in a pink pillow. She was quite still.

"I've got to be going," I said brusquely.

"Jimmy, you can't. You can't leave now. I never had it so good."

"What about your husband?"

"To hell with him. I've got an idea. There's a trap door up to the attic. Why not crawl up there? Stay there tonight. He won't be home. Then we can consummae our love again—all night. I'll see that you get food. You can sleep up there. Be fresh for me." Her eyes danced crazily, she was up, barring my exit, her hands smoothing over my body indecently. Her mouth hung open, waiting for whatever kind of kiss I chose to deliver. She was too much, I could not resist.

"OK," I said, "I'll do it."

She kissed me wildly, biting my lip and sobbing with relief. "Don't worry," she said, "I'll see that you are not discovered."

Well, I climbed up to my dark eyrie and lay down on the blanket she provided me with. After a while there was a knock at the trap door—a prearranged signal. I raised it slightly, peeping down to see Esther's radiant face.

"Good news, love. My husband, Carlton, won't be home tonight. That means you can sleep with me all night. Good? Now, here's some chow I whipped up in the kitchen, and a couple of bottles of beer. I have to get downtown for a couple of hours. But I'll be back before sundown. Then you can come down and we can make crazy love again." She was gone before I had a chance to think it over. After the beers, however, I thought it wasn't such a bad idea just waiting around for another helping. I'd be fresh enough, all right.

I dozed off but soon was awakened by the sound of girlish laughter and a man's brusque voice coming from Esther's bedroom.

What the hell is that two-timing hussy doing to me now? I though. If she was going to stage an affair for my audio benefit with whoever it was with her in the bedroom, I was going to resort to bulldozer tactics and bust out of the place after first busting the lovers a couple of times. Carefully I raised the trap door and peered into the bedroom. With relief I noted that the broad wasn't my Esther. It was some blonde starlet type with hubby Carlton. He had her half undressed on the bed and she was playfully resisting. She was a looker, built even better than Esther. Her breasts were already deployed from the bra and Carlton was favoring them with some first hand attention. I felt like a damned Peeping Tom, but at the same time, I must admit it was a pretty absorbing sight. They were

just about to turn the trick when I heard the roar of an approaching car in the driveway. Carlton jumped up yelling, "Gad, it's Esther—my wife!"

They both ran around the room stark naked frantically picking up panties and bras and shoes in a losing race against time. Finally Carlton realized his wife would be upon them before they could put a good face on things.

"Honey," he cried to the blonde, "up the trap door you go until I can get her out of here!" In a minute that palpitating hunk of cuddly flesh in the raw was huddled above the rafters with me in the darkness. She didn't know, of course, that I was there. I didn't want her to scream so I just cupped my hand over her mouth and whispered urgently in her ear.

"Listen," I said, "we're both in the same fix. I'm Esther's friend and you're Carlton's." Then I explained a few more things to her, reassuring her that she would not be harmed. I felt her muscles relax and I knew she would be OK when I took my hand from her mouth.

"What he hell kind of a place is this?" she inquired, not without humor.

"Politics and love make strange bedfellows," I offered with a shrug.

"It's so damned dark I can't even see if you're cute," she complained.

"I'm cute enough for Esther," I acknowledged. "And I think you're beautiful."

I put my arm around her and she snuggled up.

"My, you're a lot stronger than Carlton," she gushed. I kissed her without noting the slightest indication of resistance. She sank back on the blanket.

"Might as well make the most of it," she said suggestively.

What happened then was real ding-a-ling except for one thing. Like the damned bulldozer buff that I am, I was just too rough! This blonde really shook me. She had a line she whispered over and over into my ear as her tongue traced the contours of each groove. "You're my big lover boy, my big, big lover boy." Her material was fresh and I was like a young colt that felt the flick of a whip for the first time. I thrashed around with such violence that damned if the plaster and lath ceiling didn't cave in and both of us fell like two big dirty birds right into Esther and Carlton's bedroom—right on top of the bed.

Well, you can imagine the scene. We were the evidence that both of them needed, plunked right into their laps. They had been arguing, stalking about the room accusing each other of not car-

ing. You should have seen the looks of surprise and guilt on their faces as they stared at our two dust covered nude bodies. I would have kept right on running if I had had any clothes on, but there I was with the blonde—exhibit A and exhibit B.

"OK," I said, "the jig is up. You caught us, or rather we caught you. Oh, I don't know who the hell caught who!" The remark, born of the idiocy of the whole situation, had the correct effect. Suddenly everybody began to laugh.

"Darling," exclaimed Esther to Carlton, "I didn't know you cared enough for me to hide the evidence. You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course," said Carlton. "I didn't want that blonde. I only did it because I wanted to get revenge on you—for all the times you were unfaithful!"

They fell into each other's arms like honeymooners.

"Well, I'll be damned," I said, turning to my blonde playmate. "We've been cupid's agents.

Instead of wrecking this marriage, we've made it."

"You're so right, honey," said the blonde, not at all flabbergasted by the mess and busy at work on my ear again.

Esther and her hubby gave us a long, forgiving, amused look.

"We're going to a motel," Esther said. "It seems our bed here is already crowded." They left. I turned to the blonde, blowing plaster dust from her face.

"There goes the woman I love," I said with a shrug.

"That's life, lover. One going, one coming." She pulled me down with a wink and I knew she was right. That was the life. O

WATCH THIS NEXT TURN!

Because I'd heard intriguing rumors about that sun-tanned set, the Southern California surfers, I decided to instigate a little survey of my own and find out if there was any truth to some of the lurid tales regarding these alleged lotharios of the long-board and their female companions.

Donning the oldest, most faded pair of levis I could get my hands on, I proceeded (shirtless and barefooted) to haunt various beaches – casually making friends with surfers and their deeply bronzed playmates. Since most of them are nothing more than elderly teenagers, and a lot more naive than a critical, disapproving public gives them credit for being, I was beginning to think my search for the rumored wild sex-life was going to turn out to be just another disappointing unwild goose chase—and then I ran across a guy I'll call Ernie.

Ernie had *all* the answers.

"Hell, man, you gotta find the real surfers – not these punk kids", he advised me. "The beaches are lousy with young guys who have gotten stoked (addicted) on surfing, but they're not *real* surfers."

"How do I tell the real ones from the kids?"

"Open your *eyes*, man!" Er-

Surfin' & Lovin'

nie chortled. "Look for the cool, older cats on the scene! Find them and you'll find the swinging funtime group!"

Shifting my operation to a fresh beach (having been unsuccessful in my efforts to bribe Ernie into smuggling me into his surfing group), I patiently went about with an eye damn well open for the older, more experienced guys and gals thronging the shore. For three weeks I absorbed the surfing atmosphere and soaked up their colorful jargon until I could speak it like a native. I learned all about *toes on the nose* (standing on the front of a board as it rides the wave), *hanging five* and *hanging ten* (putting one or both feet over the board's edge) and any number of bizarre terms like *making a curl* (standing in a crouched position on the board), *doing the rock dance* (what you do when your board smashes to pieces on the rocks) and, before long, I could identify all the different *kinds* of waves. The *boomers*, the *crushers*, the *walls*, the *feathers* and the *tubes*. Yeah, I was getting a liberal education in surfing technology, but I wasn't getting any closer to the legendary flesh-didoes of these gung-ho sports. However, I'm a diehard and a philosophical type. If necessity is the mother of invention, then I figure patience is success' old man. So I continued to hit the beach regularly, carefully eavesdropping on conversations among the muscular types and their curvy little associates. Whenever I brought up the nasty old subject of surfing-sex, I met a sudden and chilling evasion that seemed to be composed of two parts suspicion and two parts more of skillful cau-

tion.

Everybody was *more* than willing to talk surfing until my ears dropped off, but nobody would admit there was anything like highly imaginative making-out going on as an organized practice. I began wondering if the *heated* stories I'd heard were impure fairy tales. If they were, they were the dirtiest fairy tales *I'd* ever heard—and I've been an enraptured listener of naughty sagas for more years than I care to count. Which, if you don't insist upon documentation, makes me something of a filthy-minded specialist in erotica. You know, like an authority?

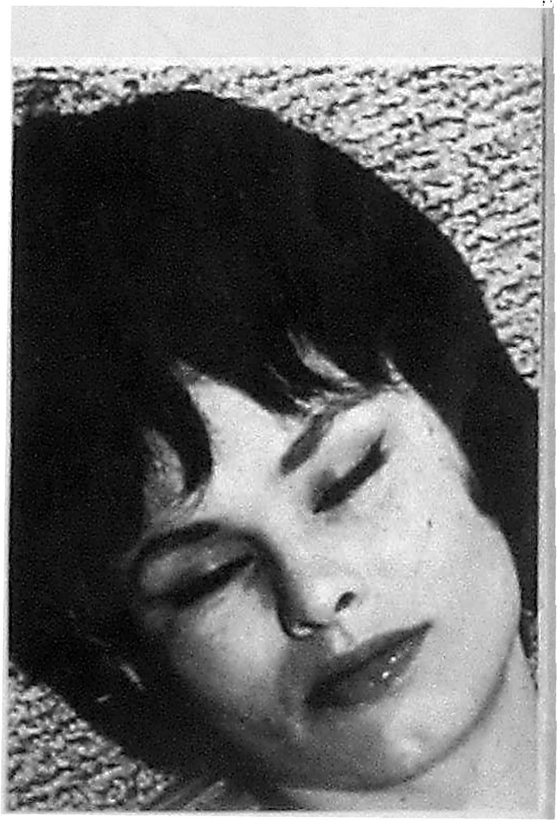
About this time—just when I was pretty dismayed with the whole damn project and ready to junk it as a total failure—I encountered my old buddy, Ernie, *again* and he set me straighter *than* a twelve-inch ruler.

"Man, you gotta get *with* it," he suggested. "Stop stomping around the goddamned beach like an onlooker. Learn surfing. *Make* like a surfer. Then, some group or other is liable to *invite* you."

"*Invite* me?"

Ernie grinned inscrutably. "Yeah, man! Like *include* you when the *fun* is scheduled!"

Well, if there was anything I wanted to be it was included—particularly when the fun was scheduled. So I lost my mind and set about learning the fine, old sport of suicidal surfing. I won't go into any detail about



it. Suffice it to say, I damn near got myself smashed, bashed and washed out to sea any number of times before I finally began getting the hang of it. And now that I'm a bona fide surfer, I want to go on record as stating that it doesn't require brains to surf successfully — just guts and hardly any interest in living.

I am, undoubtedly, the only living surfer who is in no danger of ever getting stoked on the bit.

Anyway, all my effort paid off in more than advanced sunburn and assorted bruises. One rather extensive group began treating me as one of the bunch, and before you could howl *Cowabunga!* ten thousand times, I found myself really *in*. From this point on, my sensual survey started zeroing in on the facts of surfing life. The *raw* facts, man.

Allow me to enlighten you on the subject. It may even inspire

you to go and do likewise. If you can survive the insanity end of this special little world (the actual surf-boarding), the fun-times end is *fabulous*.

First, it should be mentioned that no *real* surfer ever gets himself involved in anything as foolish as going steady with one girl. They trade girls around like a gaggle of nine-year-olds exchanging marbles or comic books—and with even more studied indifference. Strangely enough, the dolls not only don't seem to mind – they give the strong impression of preferring this custom. Which makes things cozy as hell all around, eh?

I've seen a cute little blonde alow herself to be shared, discreetly, of course, during an evening's time, by three or more enthusiastic guys. Once, I saw a wild, redheaded little broad —the kind that looks like she

was put together by a sex fiend —calmly and in quite ladylike manner make five different sacks in the space of an hour and never bat a heavy-lidded, brown eye. These, naturally, are outstanding examples. The majority of the girl surfers try to stick with the same stud all evening, agreeably making their considerable charms available the next night to another lucky beach-bum.

So far as I could discover, surfers are especially fond of two particular forms of games-ville—both of which are tinged with sheer genius and usually end in the same delightful way: Sexy.

One is a very adult brand of Spin-The-Bottle. They gather in a tight (and I mean *tight* in every and all senses of the word)

circle around a bottle. Sometimes the bottle is empty, sometimes it's full. I've noticed this little recreational device seems to rock along at a much brisker and hilarious pace when the bottle is empty and the circle of howling surfers full, but that's neither here nor there.

Almost evenly divided into equal numbers of male and female participants, they begin spinning the bottle. If a guy spins and the bottle points to another guy, that next guy spins. Same for the girls. But if the bottle stops at a girl, she and the guy who spun the bottle are hooted out of the magic circle, wending their hot-eyed way to the privacy of the nearest bedroom, screen-porch, thick shrubbery or whatever — there to make-it while the game continues. When nobody is left around the bottle, the game is officially over . . . for the moment. After a few beers, a bit of plain and fancy twisting and some surfing chatter, everybody makes like a circle again and the whole bit is resumed. This keeps up until fatigue takes over and they call it a night.

The other popular pastime usually takes place on the beach, instead of in somebody's pad as with Spin-The-Bottle, and, here, the entire flavor of the game is sharpened by the constant element of danger.

This one is called Beach-Bunny-Bouncing. A deserted section of shore, preferably well-sheltered or hidden behind rocks, is selected. A couple of sentries (armed with cans of beer) are posted to give the alert in case the authorities happen by. Then, a medium-size trampoline is quickly set up. Yeah, I said a *trampoline*.

Basically, here's the idea: a couple clamber on the trampoline. Both are dressed in sportsclothes, as a rule, although this varies. A referee with a stopwatch gives the couple the go-signal and they start bouncing . . . and snatching. If the guy can strip the little jouncer on the trampoline with him within a given time limit (one to three minutes), he wins her. If he fails, another eager contestant climbs up on the trampoline and has a turn. Watching this event, I marveled that the broads aren't clawed to shreds the way the guys grab at them in a frenzied effort to undress the bouncing, bounding darlings before the whistle is blown.

According to the rules, the girl cannot fend off the guy's hands or *assist* him. She must just put everything into staying in motion while her partner frantically peels her down to the altogether.

The general effect is quite exciting, to put it mildly.

I hadn't been buddying around with the surfers long before I further learned that no *real*, bona fide, self-respecting surfer ever works for his living. Nope. They subscribe to a way of life that frowns upon doing anything suspiciously connected with honest labor. Mooching is an accepted and standard part of the surfing code, and when they cannot find an outsider upon whom to mooch — they mooch upon each other. Share and share alike is practically the first commandment of the unwritten religion followed by these dedicated beachbums.

While they seldom possess anything resembling much cash, they live in a much finer style than many poor slobs who labor for an alleged living, including Saturday overtime. By the simple expedient of sharing their pads, they can afford modern,

beachside apartments that, individually, none of them could swing.

Consequently, it's common to find four to twelve surfers happily getting along together in a two-bedroom pad. They rotate the luxury of whatever beds are furnished – each member of the pad taking his turn at sleeping on a livingroom couch or on the floor (using a sleepingbag, ordinarily) until it's once again his night to enjoy the feel of a genuine bed.

Food and clothing are shared the same way, and gas or additional needs are only worried about when their need is near-acute. Then, that's where the little dolls come in . . . handy as usual. Most of the surfers I met were literally receiving allowances from the girls, who also provided them with more biological necessities.

Fascinated, I queried a surfer named Sam about this extraordinary system.

"Hell, man, it's r a d i c a l wild'!" he admitted. "I guess them chicks figure us surfer guys are something pretty special or they wouldn't let us gouge 'em like we do! Anyway, they like put-out in more ways than one."

"Do you have to promise them marriage?" I asked.

He looked at me like I had just oozed out from under a damp rock. "You giggin' me fer laughs, man? We don't promise the broads nuthin' but a good *lovin'*, see? Christamighty, I ain't even ever ***heard*** of a married surfer!"

"What about this business of going to Hawaii every year? And I understand some of you even make it as far as Australia or Africa."

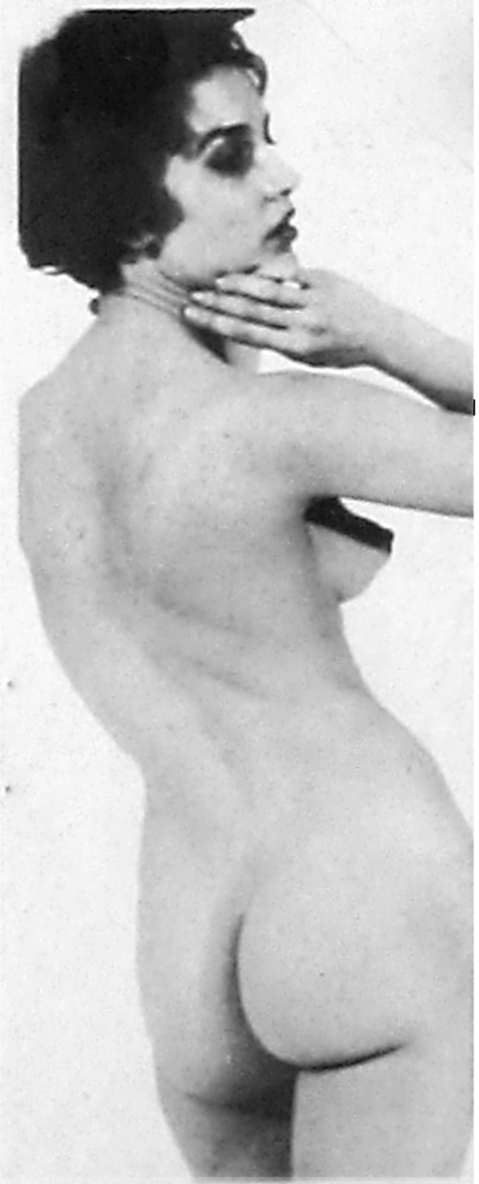
"That's true scam, daddy," he said. "Most all the guys manage to get their boards jammed into foreign sand at least once every year. I know one cat that makes

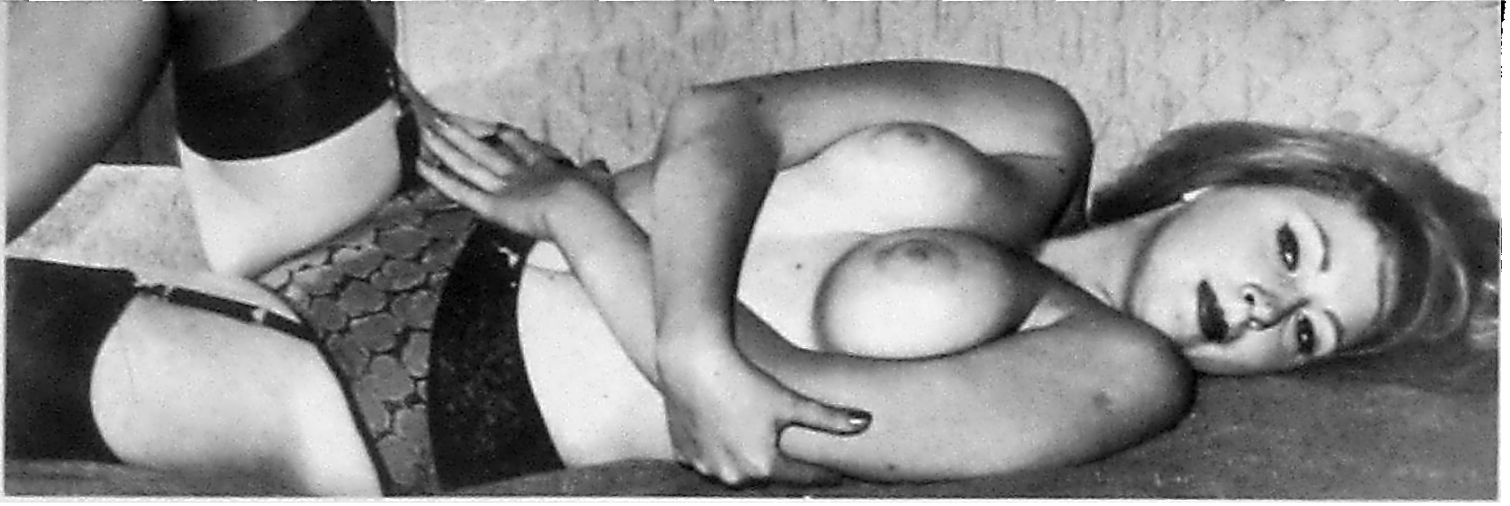
it to Honolua Bay three or four times a year! 'Course, *he's* got this loaded biddy on a long-distance leash, see?"

"What do you mean?"

Sam grinned wickedly, massaging his biceps. "Well, like this rich old-type babe digs the guy the most. She writes checks and all. Man, you should *see* the boards and clothes and stuff that guy gets!"

And that's precisely how it works in most of the cases where the more accomplished surfers regularly follow the sun around to all the highly valued surfing areas in the world. I found few were willing to admit it, but there always seems to be a wealthy, middle-aged (sometimes even quite elderly) female in the background, footing the bills for transportation, new





surfboards and God only knows what else. If not actually a commendable system, at least it's one that seems to produce happiness for all parties concerned. My own opinion, after meeting the tough, virile horde of surfers, is their . . . ah . . . sponsors undoubtedly get full value for every check written.

Yeah, it's quite a life. Despite all my inquiring, I never was able to find out what becomes of *old* surfers. Nobody seemed to know. It's my guess that either *aren't* any — those Australian and Hawaiian shorebreaks are pure murder and surfers have been known to be brained when they get dumped (thrown) into the soup (rough water between the beach and the outer surf); sharks have killed a number of them, too — old surfers or they retire into the rapidly growing industry of board building where they can mellow into senility, surrounded by the symbols of a fast, free youth comprised of sun, sea, sand and sex.

The day I left the pad where I conducted most of my research, I stopped and turned — peering down the beach where a dozen long-boards were solidly jammed endwise into the sand dunes. I'd seen that sight any number of times and — suddenly — I realized what those boards, rigidly upright, reminded me of . . . hell, *yes*.

The best damn phallic symbols I've seen yet!

"Psssst, Miss Miggins, psssst."

"Don't worry about me, dear, I'm among friends."

by DAVID GRINNELL

GIVE HER HELL

It's no good making a deal with the devil. He's a cheat. He's all they say he is and more. The effete modern books like to present him as a smiling red devil, all clean and slick, or as some cagey, witty peddler, or a top-hat-and-tails city slicker. But the monks of the Middle Ages knew better. They described him as a beast, a stinking, foul-breathed, corrupt and totally loathesome abomination.

Take my word for it. He is. I know, for I was fool enough to make a pact with him. I saw him and dealt with him and from beginning to end it was never worth it.

I was desperate, and like all whom fate played crooked, I was sore about it. Things were not going well with me, and it was all their fault. My wife's and my daughter's. I refuse to take the blame in spite of what the devil may claim. I know when I'm right. My daughter had run away from my home — that was the shock that made me realize what was happening.

That girl ran away and she was only sixteen, and she'd stolen the contents of my wallet and taken some of my wife's jewelry and run away. My wife wasn't so shocked. She had the nerve to say it served me right. I didn't "understand the child."

What's to understand about a disobedient daughter who doesn't listen to her father, who makes

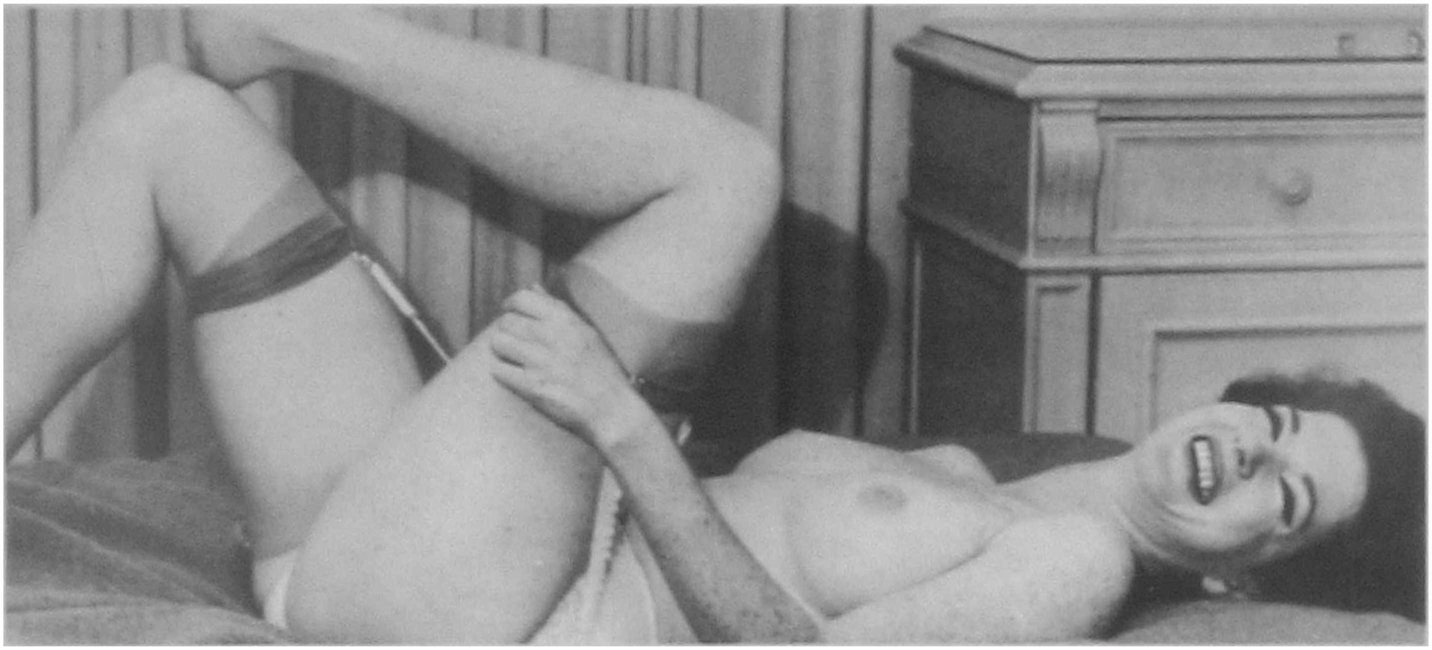
dates after eight o'clock at night, who sneaks magazines into her bedroom, actually talks to some of those uncouth common kids from across the tracks, and has been seen in soda parlors after dark? Sure, I had to beat her. I've been doing that since she was seven. I've had to be stricter and stricter with her. Spare the rod and spoil the child — that's the slogan I was raised on and I did my best. But the girl was rotten — something from her mother's side of the family no doubt — and she had the nerve to try to run away.

I called the police. I'm not going to be thought of as the father of a wild kid. I sent out an alarm. My wife objected, but I put her in her place. A slap across the face shut her up — I'd taught her long ago who was master. Me, the way it was meant to be. I locked her up in our bedroom and later on I gave her a lesson with the strap, face down on the bed with her clothes off. Women know only one master. My mother never complained; she didn't dare, not even when she was dying after my father threw her down the stairs that night.

My father's ways were right and I was right. The cops brought the girl back to me the next day. I gave her a hiding she'd not forget, and then I arranged to have her committed to a corrective institution. One of those private sanitariums for disturbed children, you know. Exclusive, well guarded, and well disciplined. All right, they made life hell for her, but how else can you teach a wayward child how to do right? Better for the family name than to have her in public vision.

They had my orders and the extra payments I made were generous enough to enforce them — she'd not get out until she was good, if they had to near kill her to do it. They kept her in a straitjacket for months at a time at my insistence, and in restraining cuffs and belt at all other times. A series of regular electric shocks taught her a few things. The doctor says now she's showing insanity, that she shrieks night and day, and they keep her by herself

All Photos Posed By Professional Models



in a padded, locked cell, but I think she's faking. She's just a disobedient girl and she's got to learn who's master.

As for my wife, she had the nerve to leave me. She climbed out of a window the night I bribed the doctors to start my bad daughter's shock treatments. She ran to my business partner, that skunk, and he helped her hide. Next day he dared put it up to me. He said he thought I was the one who was cracking up. Me! The nerve of him.

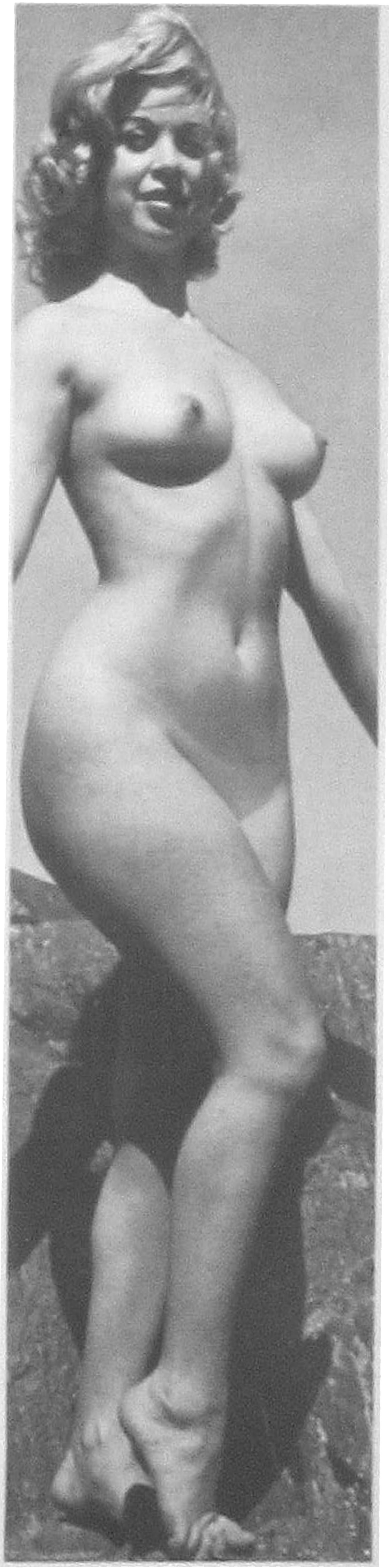
Obviously he was scheming to steal my wife away from me. And he must have been double-booking my firm. I was sure of it. I could see it all from his faking, sly ways. He must have been plotting my ruin the way he must have been scheming after my wife.

So I took steps to sell him out. But the skunk had covered his tracks. He had acted first. He had an order taken out against me, charging me with deceit and having my wife charge me with mental cruelty and sue to get custody of my child and my business.

I could see I'd get no help from the courts and the lawyers. They're all corrupt, unable to see how a man must be stern with his own. These are decadent times. No wonder the world is going to hell.

I was in a jam. They'd cornered me, boxed me with legal chicaneries, tied up my funds. I was furious that night as I stalked up and down in my house. The windows were shut and the shades down. I don't stand for curious eyes. I was alone, and the next day they'd be closing in from all directions. That's when I turned to Satan.

I figured if Satan had been maligned as much as I was, he must be all right. Just a victim of the same errors. I called on him. When you really mean it, the devil will come. I gave him a sacrifice – I tossed the Bible into the fire; I got hold of my wife's cat – that snarling fuzzy beast – and I cut its throat on



the living room rug and called Satan.

He stank. The place stank and he was there – a foul sort of thing. He was crawly and slimy and toady. He belched rot, and his voice would give you the willies. But I don't go for appearances. I knew he had to have the stuff to stand up to all those do-gooders and Gospel pounders.

I told him I wanted to get out of my jam. I wanted my wife back under my control, my daughter where I wanted her, and my partner in hell.

Satan agreed. He could do the first two things, and while the judgment of my partner would be up to That Other One, maybe he'd get his soul in the end, too. Anyway, he'd die.

And what did he want of me?

My soul, of course. I'd trusted him for that. What good would it do him? I believe in reincarnation, anyway. I struck a hard bargain. I said first I had to have a chance to be reborn again and live a whole new life from the start. Then he could have my soul afterwards.

Because if he got my whole soul but only gave me the last half of my life as I wanted it, that wasn't fair, was it? No, I drove a hard bargain. He had to give me an entire life from start to finish.

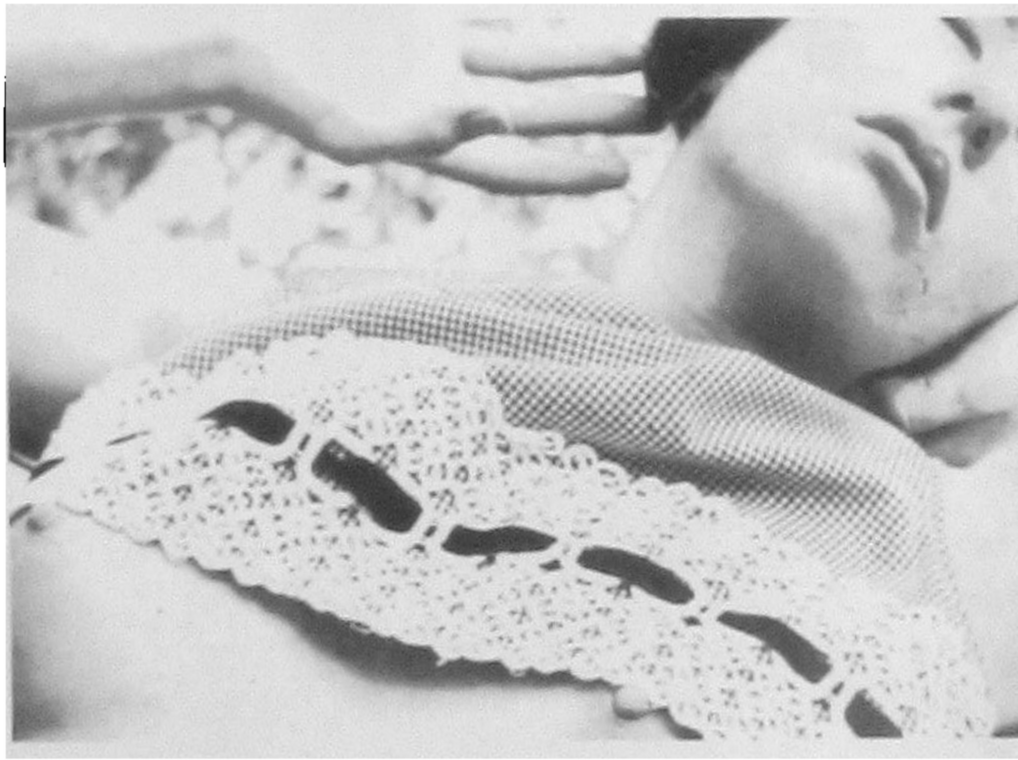
He whined and he threatened and he bellowed, but he agreed. On my deathbed, he said, he'd reappear and give me the word on the whole new life I was going to get to live. There were certain rules he had to go by in that sort of thing. O.K., I said, I trust you. You and me, we think alike, we think right. An iron hand in a velvet glove, that's the rule.

He stank, that no-good bum. He gave me his word, and I say he cheated, but he doesn't think so.

My partner died that same night. His furnace exploded in his house. The place was a seething mass of flames. He tried to get down the stairs, got splashed with flaming oil, was scorched from head to foot, ran out in flames and died in agony. Served him right. The firm's ledgers were in his house for his auditors, and they burned up too, putting me entirely in the clear.

He died in scandal too, because my wife was caught in his house. She had a room upstairs, and she jumped from the window and the newspapers snapped her picture in her torn nightgown on the lawn coming away from that man's house. That queered any divorce case for her. She came home, and she had to keep her mouth shut. There'd never be a chance for her to get custody of our runaway daughter or any divorce.

I've never let her forget the scandal, even though she claims there was nothing between them – he was just being hospitable. Ha! I showed her. She's not allowed out of the house now, and I beat her black and blue whenever I think of it.



She hasn't got a legal leg to stand on not after those newspaper photos and stories.

My daughter is still in the padded cell I arranged for her. If she's going to fake insanity, I'll make it so hot for her she'll learn the error of her ways. She's been there ten years now and the kid is stubborn. But the doc and his strongarms have been well paid. They use the leather mitts on her and the rubber sheets

and the shocks. She'll stop her act or else.

Unfortunately I won't live to see it. I'm dying now, and I've arranged in my will to see that her cure and treatment continues. I got this cancer of the throat, from inhaling some kind of poison gases or something years ago. I think it was that evening with that stinking cheat. His bad smell burned my throat, it did. I told you he cheats.

And he's been back, just now. He's been back and he gave me the full dope on our deal. I'm to get a full life, from birth to maturity and eventually death. Only he cheated.

He can't give me a life that hasn't been lived yet. He can't reincarnate me in a future year. No, he hasn't any control over future lives. He has only control over lives that have been lived, he said, the cheat—why couldn't he have

said that when we first made the deal?

And it seems to be a rule in this kind of transaction that he can't take life over in the same sex. Something about positive and negative polarity in souls. If you live twice, then you got to see life from first one sex and then the other. Makes the soul rounded, he says, the cheat.

And it's also got to be somebody who's a blood relation, he tells me, the stinking, slimy, no-good crook.

I'm dying, and in a few minutes more I'm going to be dead. And then I'll open my eyes again, a newborn baby and start living through all the long, long years of another person's life. I got to experience everything, every darn horrible, painful, frustrated, mean minute of it.

I'm going to be reborn as my own daughter.

It's going to be hell. ●

male nympho

If you're a normal, ordinary man, you dig sex, enjoy the company of a pretty female, and score whenever you can. But if you don't score, you don't fly off the handle about it. Also, if you're a normal, ordinary guy, you've probably come up against that phenomenon of nature . . . the nymphomaniac. She's a girl who can't get enough. No matter how many men there are to satisfy her, she's never satisfied. It's great for some guys, since with a girl like that you never have to worry about how your sex life is going to go. But it is possible that there could be male nymphomaniacs?

Not only is it possible, but it's true!

How many guys do you know who can't seem to think about anything but sex? They talk about it all the time, make passes at everything in skirts, and if they don't score, really let it get to them.

The medical term for this condition is satyriasis, and it roughly corresponds to the female condition of nymphomania. When a man suffers from this "condition," he suffers all right!

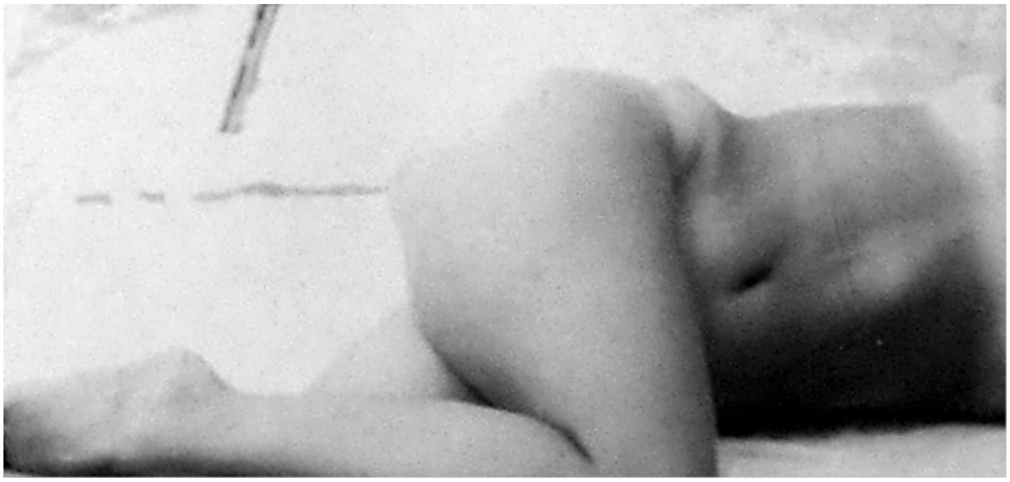
Imagine how you would feel if you were continually aroused, and could never find any satisfaction? This is the major symptom of this disease. Take the case of John Smith (not his real name, of course). John was a normal young man of 23. Then he began noticing that the sex urge, which before then had never given him any real problem, was getting stronger. Since John was a pretty good-looking man, he didn't have to worry . . . yet! But this urge started getting stronger and stronger. Finally he couldn't keep his hands off any nearby female. One day he went to a doctor to ask for help. The doctor advised him to go to a psychiatrist, but told him that the treatment would be long and hard. John decided not to go. Finally he ended up raping a woman coming home from work late one evening.

The prison doctor had heard about John's type of condition, and knew that just like female nymphomania, male nymphomania also had a mental cause. The doctor asked John to describe his problem.

"I never had too much to do with girls when I was young," John said. "My mother died when I was a child and my father brought me up to think of girls as perfect creatures, angels that a man should have no sexual relations with until marriage. Then, several years ago I was out with the boys and we went to a house of prostitution. There I saw the 'other' kind of woman for the first time. Dad told me about prostitutes, but he had painted them as being bad and scarred with disease. The girl I ended up with was very pretty, no disease, and seemed no different to me than any of the girls I took out. It was then that I started getting these 'spells.' During them I couldn't be satisfied. I would find a prostitute and she would do everything she could to satisfy me but it never worked. I think I learned every sexual trick in the book, just looking for satisfaction. I had my friends bring me back 'tricks' from Hong Kong and France, but even though these were exciting, they didn't help my problem.

"I would go out with a decent girl and I just couldn't keep my hands off her. I would start thinking about her breasts and her nude body pressed close to mine, and I would become so obviously aroused that it was painful for me to stand up. Most of the girls noticed this and after a while I got a pretty bad reputation among the office girls. None of them would go out with me, except Sally."

All Photos Posed By Professional Models



The doctor asked who Sally was.

"She was more or less the office nymphomaniac. She'd take anything that came along and I guess we sort of belonged together. One night we went to a show and she invited me up to her place. She had a girl friend there, Dianne, and it seemed that Dianne couldn't get any satisfaction with a man alone. There had to be two people along . . . either two guys or two girls to really give her any kicks. She and Sally really like to get some guy up to their place and then both go to work on him. They sure did on me . . . both of them at once. It was heaven! Sally couldn't be satisfied and neither could I, and the whole thing lasted for two days and nights without a stop. I needed to take a week off work just to get back to normal. But then Sally got fired and moved away . . . I couldn't find any one else, and I really got desperate. I guess that's why I raped that girl."

Luckily, John was curable. But what about the hundreds of men who have this condition and don't do anything about it?

Dr. James Scarborough has this to say: "Over half of this nation's sex crimes are committed by men suffering from this disease. They have endless torment, are unable to sleep, eat, or rest from their powerful sex urge. They are in a state of constant erection, and not only is this embarrassing, but very painful. The pain can be relieved a little by sexual intercourse, but even so, satisfaction is never achieved.

"If a man doesn't know that he has satyriasis, his whole life can be one long misery. It varies in degree, but the man's wife or girl friend will al-

[redacted]

ways suffer greatly, too. She is the innocent victim of his desires. One man whom I treated for this condition told me this.

Every time Eileen and I went out it was the same thing. I would try to relieve my own frustrations and she would let me up to a certain extent, but then she would draw the line before I could do anything to 'ruin her,' as she put it. It finally got to me. I couldn't take any more of it. We were at my apartment and she'd allowed me to take off her blouse. I had my hands under her skirt, but she wouldn't let me take it off. Something broke in me. I started to tear at her clothes and ripped them off her. She didn't fight back, just lay there nude on the bed. I threw myself down on her and tried to satisfy myself. Eileen struggled at first but then she started enjoying herself too. She was cooperating as much as she could, but after it was over she could tell that I wasn't satisfied. It hurt her very much, and it hurt me that I had taken by force what should have been given freely. We got married but it was hard for me to keep from grabbing her all the time. Then one day someone told me that I might have satyriasis. I went to a doctor and started treaments. Now my marriage is working and I no longer have the feeling that I must have sex with every girl I see."

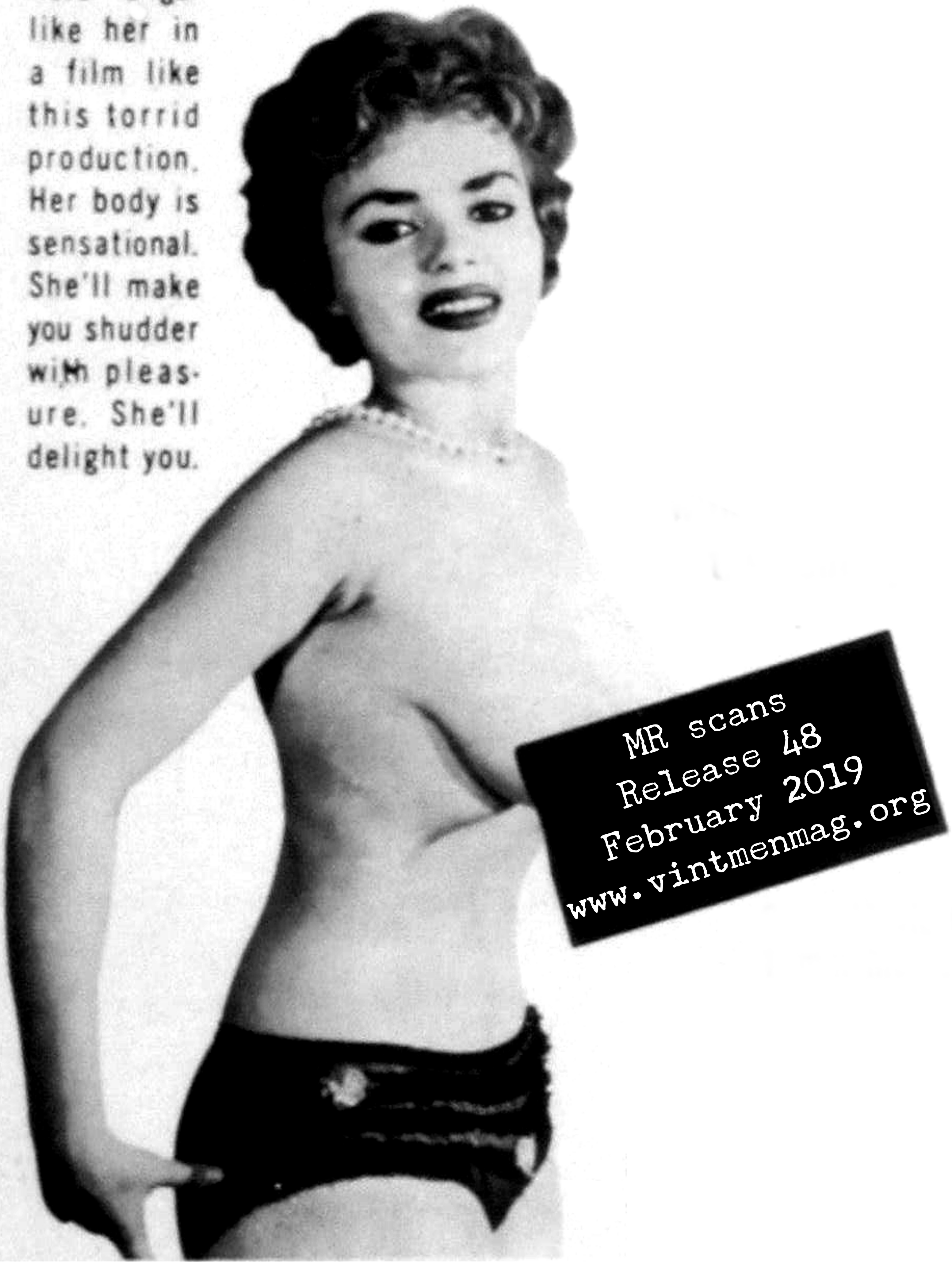
How can you tell if you have this disease? If you can't achieve satisfaction from any kind of sex, if sex press on your mind and you can't think of anything else and if you find yourself losing control whenever you're out with your girl, this might be the reason. An examination by a doctor will be able to help in some cases ●

[redacted]

RECOMMENDED ADULT READING...

The FRANCE' name is
your guarantee of exciting and entertaining reading.

Never a gal like her in a film like this torrid production. Her body is sensational. She'll make you shudder with pleasure. She'll delight you.



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